

JAMES MASON HUTCHINGS OF YO SEMITE: A REVIEW

GARY F. KURUTZ

THE COLOR OF YOSEMITE

JOHN CARPENTER

GRAZING IN YOSEMITE WITH ELEAZER GIVENS, 1856–1890

JAMES B. SNYDER

HAROLD BERLINER: PRINTER, ENVIRONMENTALIST, AND LAWYER, 1923–2010

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JAMES MASON HUTCHINGS OF YO SEMITE: A REVIEW

GARY F. KURUTZ



Dennis G. Kruska. *James Mason Hutchings of Yo Semite. A Biography and Bibliography*. San Francisco: The Book Club of California, 2009. 344 pages of text and 208 illustrations. \$275.

THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA'S two hundred and twenty-fifth publication is an impressive blending of superb scholarship and gorgeous presentation befitting one of the most beautiful places on earth, the Yosemite Valley. *James Mason Hutchings of Yo Semite* will appeal to anyone interested in the history of Yosemite and the Big Trees, California's early publishing history, California bibliography, and the life of one of the Golden State's more fascinating personalities. Its large format, attractive design, handsome binding, and spectacular illustrations will please the most fastidious biblio-connoisseur.

Author Denny Kruska has brought to this book his passion for Yosemite and Sierra. It is the culmination of decades of patient collecting and research. Over the years, he has tramped over much of its terrain including a recent ascent of Mt. Ritter. One room of his home is stuffed with books, prints, photographs, maps, and ephemera on his favorite subject. He has co-authored the monumental *Bibliography of Yosemite, The Central and Southern High Sierra*, and *Sierra Nevada Big Trees* and contributed many articles on Sierra subjects. As a prodigious collector of this wilderness paradise, he was naturally drawn to the subject of this book. For years, Kruska has pieced together from widely scattered sources every scrap of known information about J. M. Hutchings. His study, however, is not hagiography but an even-handed look of one of the most important individuals in California's nineteenth-century publishing history.

British by birth, Hutchings came to the United States and California when gold fever raged. Like many others, he found using his mental talents much more rewarding than life with a pick and pan. He embarked up a wonderfully successful publishing career first by issuing that iconic pictorial letter sheet *The Miner's Ten Commandments* and by portraying in words and pictures the sublime natural scenery of his adopted state. In 1855, he first explored Yosemite and forever fell in love with the great granite valley. Through his now classic publications *Hutchings' California Illustrated Magazine*, *Scenes of Wonder and*

Curiosity in California, and *In the Heart of the Sierras*; production of prints like Thomas A. Ayers' *Golden Gate* and *The Yo-Hamite Falls*; and contributions of dozens of newspaper articles, California became known as much more than a conglomeration of rough and tumble mining camps but as a place of unparalleled natural wonders. In addition, Hutchings ran a hotel in Yosemite, led scores of tours, established a saddle train business, and hosted a variety of celebrity visitors ranging from Helen Hunt Jackson to Horace Greeley. Employing the high technology of his day, he went on the lecture circuit with his magic lantern slides and established Yosemite and the neighboring groves of big trees as international icons. While John Muir is best known as the savior of Yosemite, Hutchings, in many respects, deserves equal praise. His contemporaries called the tough, wiry mountaineer the "Father of Yosemite."

As brought out by Kruska in this well researched and written biography, Hutchings' adoration of the valley came with a price. When Abraham Lincoln signed the federal act setting aside Yosemite in 1864, this law negatively affected those who claimed the valley as their home. Many years of long argument over his hotel, cabin, and other possessions brought him head-to-head with the Yosemite Commission which led to his expulsion in 1875. The commission became a burr under his saddle. He would later return to his wilderness paradise in 1880 succeeding Galen Clark as the second Yosemite Guardian; but his strong opinions resulted in his dismissal in 1884. During this tumultuous time, Hutchings moved back and forth between San Francisco and the valley. At one point, he even made a living as a horticulturalist selling seeds, including seeds for *Sequoia giganteas* and *Sequoia sempervirens*. Moreover, he and the sainted John Muir did not always see eye to eye.

Like all human beings, Hutchings, as narrated by Kruska, led a complex personal life. This Yosemite evangelist married four different times. His first marriage to Elvira ended in divorce. Sudden fatal illnesses struck both Augusta and Jennie within a few short years after marriage. Emily, his last wife, embraced her husband's love of nature and partnered with him in the arduous, round-the-clock task of running the hotel in the Calaveras Mammoth Tree Grove. Elvira gave Hutchings three children but rambunctious tomboy "Floy" (Florence) tragically died in the valley at the age of seventeen, and their son, Willie, was born with physical problems. Their other daughter, "Cossie" (Gertrude), a talented and adventurous lady, fortunately outlived her parents and forever identified herself with her wilderness upbringing. In 1902, Hutchings and Emily left the Calaveras Grove for San Francisco, but providentially, the magnetism of his beloved Yosemite drew him back. As they saw El Capitan, he stood up saying:

"It is like Heaven." Suddenly, one of his horses bolted, throwing them both out of the carriage. Hutchings hit his head on a pile of Sierra rocks and died shortly thereafter. Appropriately, he was buried in Yosemite close to his daughter, Floy.

Into this tall, elegant quarto, Kruska added several jewels beyond his biography, making it an essential work of reference for any serious collector of Californiana. Most noteworthy is his detailed, annotated chronological bibliography of 117 Hutchings publications complete with physical descriptions, listing of later printings and editions, and meaty annotations. For many of Hutchings' best known titles such as *Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity*, *The Miner's Own Book*, *Uncle John's Stories for Good California Children*, and his autobiographical *In the Heart of the Sierras*, he narrated their publishing history. Our bibliographer also devoted seven paragraphs to his short-lived but information-packed illustrated magazine. Dozens of ephemeral titles received treatment ranging from Hutchings' seed catalogs to illustrated envelopes to a clay inkwell. Those interested in that unique California phenomenon, the pictorial letter sheet, will revel in his thorough descriptions. Added to this, Kruska included a separate "Bibliography of Items Pertaining to James Mason Hutchings." He thoughtfully supplied the reader with a chronology that not only traces Hutchings' storied life but also takes in key dates concerning Yosemite history. Appendices of diary and newspaper excerpts from his first historic trip to Yosemite in 1855 and a baptismal record further embellish the volume. Finally, the book is rounded out by 413 endnotes (many with paragraphs of data) and an impressive bibliography of works consulted that would make any doctoral candidate proud. Happily, too, there is a thorough index.

Beautifully designed and presented in a format befitting the yawning chasm of the Yosemite Valley, the volume is replete with scores of illustrations, many in color and never before published. Immediately one is drawn in by the gorgeous color endpapers reproducing Andrew Melrose's lithograph, *Yosemite Valley, California, from Mariposa Trail* (1889). It is a visual feast. Throughout, photographs of Hutchings, his family, and scenic views of the valley support the text. In today's day and age of casual dress, it is astonishing to see Hutchings wandering the wilderness fully decked out in a full suit, cravat, and hat, and the willing ladies soaking in the Sierra scenery swaddled in layers of Victorian petticoats. California and Yosemite collectors will be pleased to see reproductions of so many title pages and covers of now rare books and ephemera.

The Book Club of California should be justifiably proud of publishing this ambitious yet monumental bio-bibliography. Kruska beautifully summed up James Mason Hutchings remarkable life, writing: "While he did not realize

his golden dream mining the ditches of the northern mines, he was to find intangible riches in Yosemite."



Hutchings' Magazine depicted tourists, with two proper ladies precariously riding side-saddle and not astride, descending into Yosemite Valley. One gentleman, along on this June 1859 excursion, preferred to lead his horse.

THE COLOR OF YOSEMITE

JOHN CARPENTER



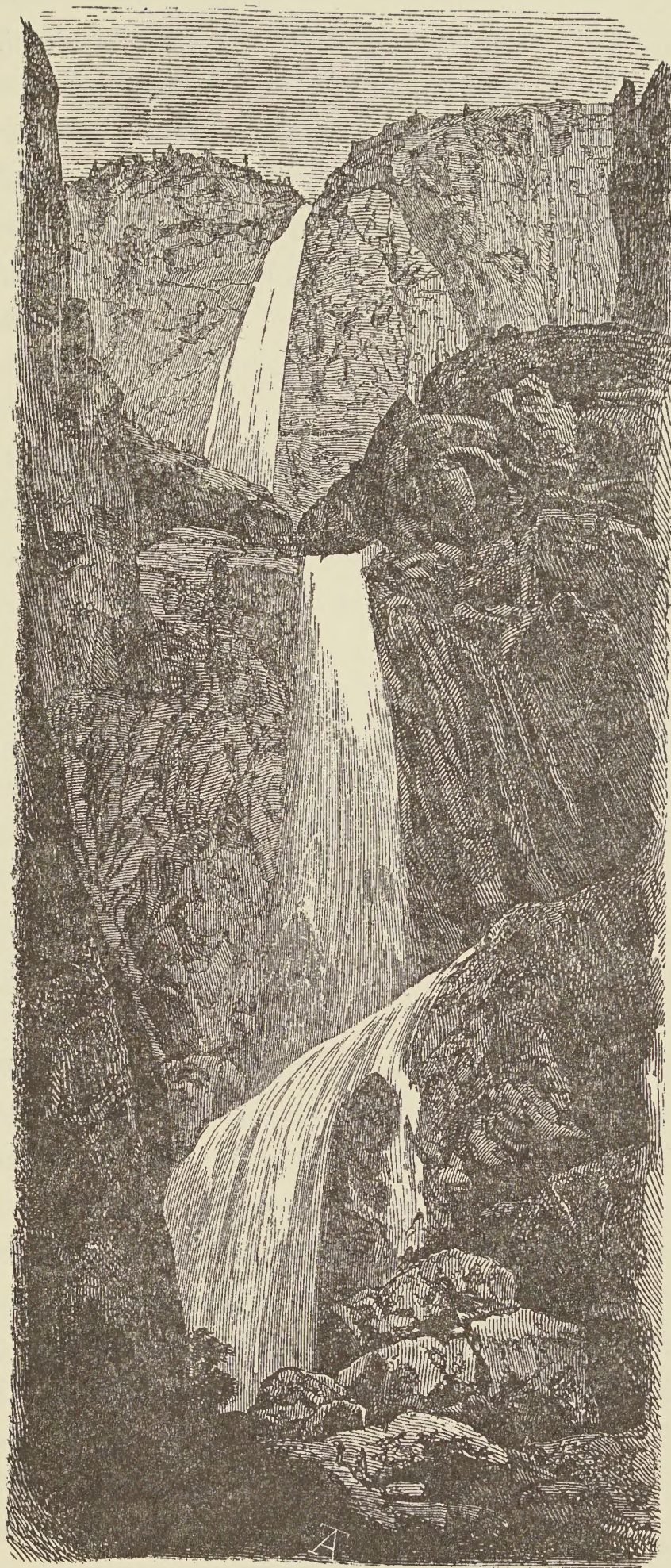
BOOK COLLECTORS are solitary souls. They are hunter-gatherers who, disguised as mild-mannered mailpersons, bankers, contractors, doctors, movie stars and politicians, find the pursuit of happiness most often winds along a path filled with rumor and speculation. In the fashion of such bibliographic pioneers as Streeter, Farquhar, Norris, Plath and Bancroft, they endeavor to blaze trails into territories uncharted, creating legacies of singular significance, one measured purchase at a time. Bookdom is littered with testimonials extolling the virtues of these legendary collections and, as one might imagine, most could easily bore the feathers off a rooster. One tale, however, begs its audience's indulgence, for it is replete with intrigue and nefarious goings-on ... and it may very well be the stuff of legend.

Let us drift back to a time in a certain city when used bookstores were as common as corner groceries. We observe a young collector poised, slightly ashiver in the cool of his library, running the index finger of his right hand along the lower spines of an upper shelf. He has just returned from a book run in "The Village of Good Herbs" where he had completed his typical circuit which started at *Holmes* on third, meandered across Market to *Bonanza Inn*, went down Kearny to *Argonaut*, continued up along the square to *Newbeggin's* and thence to *John Howell's* and *Magee's* on Post, wandered out to *The Old Book Shop* on Sutter, reversed back down to *Depler's* and *Albatross* on Eddy, incorporated *Macdonald's* on Turk and finally concluded at *Lester Roberts'* on Golden Gate, where he arrived empty-handed and dripping in a late afternoon drizzle. Lester, pipe in mouth, sporting the usual drool, welcomed the youngster into the warmth of his quaint shop and retreated behind the counter from whence he produced a title the customer had requested some months before. Lester often saved a dreary day from becoming unsuccessful. Now back in the comfort of his library, the collector faces the great cabinet that is twenty feet wide and eight feet tall. The shelves on either side of him hold fine first editions of Jack London, some stately members of the Zamorano 80, Western Americana and sundry collections of various authors and publishers. The prominent center section, before which he stands, is exclusively reserved for the Yosemite Collection. His finger comes to rest on the slot for the newly acquired Mary Cone's *Two Years in California*. Its new home is between *The New West* by Charles Loring Brace and Constance

Gordon Cummings' *Granite Craggs*. All three are excellent nineteenth-century travelogues with important chapters on Yosemite and The Big Trees. The domino maneuver is deftly accomplished to make room for the new arrival and it is gingerly tucked in. As is his custom with new arrivals, he retreats a few steps for an overall impression of the new arrangement. Casually, he notices that the three are bound in similar shades of green. *Below the surface something begins to brew*. A quick scan of the seven remaining shelves in the section reveals five additional volumes similarly clad. The relevance of this particular fact fails to coalesce for several moments, when suddenly, he empties the remainder of the shelf and culls from their respective slots: Whitney's *Yosemite Guidebook*; Hutchings' *In The Heart of the Sierras*; Lewis' *Gypsies*; Bunnell's *Discovery of Yosemite*; and King's *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*. Now there are eight! Were there more? Of course there were. Simple happenstance had united these eight. Completing the shelf shouldn't be out of the question. *The brew begins to simmer*. He shuffles backward to collapse in his recliner with the best view of the wall and its one thousand-plus books. All in all, average Western Americana. Other collectors, to a greater degree, had made or were making their mark with the Zamorano 80. Jack London? Been collected *ad nauseum*. The collection for some time had been lingering in a vapid state. Overall, a respectable grade in all categories adds up to nothing more than a big fat yawn. But those eight books! They represent the transfusion so badly needed to invigorate this torpid "work-in-progress." *The brew becomes a bubbling, gurgling cauldron* as our young provocateur, arms raised, addressing his ceiling, vociferates to the world... *Yosemite is going green!*

"When you decide you want to spend the rest of your life with someone, you want the rest of your life to start as soon as possible." Billy Crystal's memorable line, for some odd reason, seems apropos.

The following morning, envisioning a hero's quest in the tradition of Tolkien, Homer and Spielberg, our young collector launches into this new advocacy with emphatic resolve. After consulting a ten-year-old Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America directory, our young collector dials up a Boston dealer listing Western Americana among his specialties. Moments later a warm, friendly greeting with an unmistakable Boston accent is heard on the other end of the line. Our eager, yet naïve collector replies in kind, then, excitedly makes a very specific inquiry, stating his desire to collect green books and asking the gentleman to approximate the number of such that he might have in stock. Remarkably, the caller is asked to repeat the request, not once, but twice! Evidently, the kind bookman is having some difficulty grasping the exact



Thomas Armstrong engraved this "Near View of Yo-Semite Falls—2,550 Feet in Height" from a photograph Charles Leander Weed shot in June 1859.

nature of the request. Now, booksellers, as it happens, are very...well, bookish, taken to articulating in dead languages when communicating precise dimensions and other significant characteristics of a treasured tome; and recalling verbatim bibliographic citations hidden in the bowels of arcane texts. They are at once masterfully stoic and indefatigably urbane, austere maestros of equanimity, or so we are led to believe. However, when the nature of the request finally becomes clear to the proprietor, jettisoning his bookish façade, he degenerates into an utterly distasteful display of vituperative hysteria the likes of which only a boot-camp drill instructor would deem appropriate.

Reeling from the barrage, the shocked and mortified caller hangs up, hastily excuses the atrocious behavior as miscommunication, regains his composure, refers to the ABAA directory once again, and places a second, then a third, and for good measure, a fourth and final call, all with essentially the same results. It becomes painfully clear to our aspiring immortal that this enterprise was, of necessity, to be a clandestine affair.

Defeat breeds defiance. Defiance driven by determination becomes obsession: the young gatherer steeled his resolve. As the days turn to months and the months to years, he hunts, donning subtle disguises, scurrying from his lair, skulking from shadow to shadow, favoring the seedier parts of towns in search of upscale bookstores, plying his trade, stealing in and out of smoke-filled rooms, trading green for green, ever wary of the furtive glances of shopkeeper and lurking customers alike. And the occupied portion of *the shelf* expands.

By February of 1997 the best kept of secrets numbers twenty-four books. Not a lot to show for all the trouble, adding up to less than a book a year. But the shelf is nearly full. Just a single space remains! The number of bookstores on his original circuit has dwindled to two. And the computer age? Tons of potential—but it turns out to be a bust. As before, booksellers fail to disclose the color of the binding in their descriptions. It has been several years since the last addition, despite a cross-country expedition or two. And now our *not-so-young demagogue* has taken to doodling at the keyboard of his computer, composing the inventory of the twenty-four green volumes:

Of twenty and five,
A collector boasts
Of being only one shy.
With ardor stifled
And prospects small,

*The collector proclaims:
Twenty and five
The rarest of all!*

The melancholy respite is interrupted when an instant message flashes on the screen. Good news! The ABAA show is in town. Though the two previous occasions of its visit were scoured without success, the event would be welcome distraction.

The thirty-sixth edition of the show opens to bluster and downpour. The staccato drone of the torrent pounding the tin roof idles even the most relentless chatterers, infecting the hall with huddled whispers as the delicacies of barter are attended to. He is known to many in the hall, but is cause for little concern; the refined affectation has become second nature, employed and discarded at will. Unbeknownst to our not-so-young collector, a London dealer has prudently decided to include his substantial stock of newly acquired western travelogues and guides among his offerings. On this first day of the show sales are brisk in the congested booths surrounding the Brit. A few books have been poked and prodded but he finds the apparent lack of interest in his fine selection of Western Americana troubling. San Francisco! The big show! It seemed the perfect venue. At this very moment, our middle-aged hero is nearing the exit, having turned in frustration, aborting the search one booth shy of what would come to be known as "The Mother Lode." Yes, our tale was very nearly not a tale at all, but for a parting of the clouds and an instant of quiet falling upon the hall as the London dealer, humoring his booth-mate, shouts in perfect American stadium vernacular, *"Get your Yosemite books here, Booth 79, ten for a dollar!"*

By the time a total was requested, our not-so-young sycophant had sixteen titles stacked on the case in front of him. The transaction completed, books were wrapped and bags were filled. The stoic bookman, hardly able to contain his composure, strictly followed the rules of protocol, exchanging nods of satisfaction with the departing customer, marking carefully the expanding distance between them when, as only the British can, at precisely the right moment, not a fraction early or late, he exclaimed "Sir, I couldn't help but notice that all of your purchases were...umm, *green!*" Our erudite connoisseur, realizing that the "cat was out of the bag," turns on cue and delivers with an air of bewilderment, "Were they? I hadn't noticed." A wry smile emerges as he fades into the buzzing crowd.

In retrospect, nothing would have averted the wildfire of gossip that spread throughout the show and the bibliophilic community at large. *The Mother Lode* was worth the sacrifice. The good-natured taunts and practical jokes have been accepted—good-naturedly—of course. By now it has all been said and done, so things have mellowed considerably. There was, however, one memorable prank. It was played some years back at a show in the San Joaquin Valley. During set-up, a dealer, who shall remain shameless, borrows all of the green books in the hall, filling his six-foot-high lighted glass case with them. Affixed to the top of the case is a sign reading “Yosemite and the High Sierra” in big, block letters. Upon opening, as the public rushes into the hall, another dealer with a booth near the entrance—acting the shill—waylays the target, and under pretence ushers him in the direction of the staged booth where a number of actors are manically engaged examining the contents of the glass case. The target, drawn to the commotion, notices the sign first and, seeing green—nothing but green—through the gyrating throng, shrieks an ear-splitting proprietary challenge and charges, his bulk easily displacing his competitors. It takes a few seconds, but he figures out the ruse, scolds himself and acquiesces to the applauding crowd with a bow.

Today, reflecting in the cool of his library, contemplating the two shelves some consider eccentric, but most acknowledge with mild curiosity, our *aging gatherer* wonders what the future may hold for two shelves of Yosemite books leaning conspicuously toward the green persuasion.

THE GREEN COLLECTION

Cloth replaced paper as the default binding material sometime in the 1830s. The fashionable new material—literally—revolutionized the publishing industry; it was inexpensive, versatile, durable, and, dressed up quite nicely. To satisfy a finicky public, popular titles became available in several “earthy” colors that were habitually used by nineteenth-century publishers like A. Roman, A. L. Bancroft, Macmillan, Harper, Osgood, J. P. Lippincott, and Putnam. Green, from the very beginning, was a very popular choice.

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**Members of the Mother Lode*

GRAZING IN YOSEMITE WITH ELEAZER GIVENS, 1856–1890

JAMES B. SNYDER



LITTLE IS KNOWN about Yosemite sheepherders or cattlemen. There are initials or pictures carved on trees, and there are place names. In lieu of written records, John Muir's characterization of sheep and herders as "hoofed locusts" who trashed meadows and torched forests created a stereotype. I grew up reading John Muir, and tried to follow his tracks while working in Yosemite's backcountry. In time, the carvings on trees became a library of the wilderness for me, and it was possible to see herders' trails, corrals, fences, and even marked divisions of territory. But who *were* these people? How did their story compare with the stereotype?

In the upper watershed of the Merced River's South Fork, the Givens name was attached to a lake, meadow, and creek. Then, we found camps, trails, corrals, and mile-long log fences. At 9300 feet on Merced pass, Eleazer T. Givens had blazed a tree on July 6, 1885, but the park had little information on the family.

Then, I had a chance meeting with two Givens grandsons. We quickly discovered that I knew about Givens in the high country, but Harold and Don Givens had unpublished Givens Gold Rush letters and knew a great deal about the family past outside the mountains. Here was a chance to see why and how one herder came to bring sheep into Yosemite and to test Muir's "hoofed locust" stereotype. With the generous help of the Givens family, the biography has taken shape.

The Givens families were Scots-Irish farmers, who traditionally raised grain and cattle. From Scotland they moved to Ireland, and from there to Virginia. By the nineteenth century they had moved to Kentucky, but there wasn't enough land on the Kentucky farm to divide equitably. The two eldest Givens sons heard about the Gold Rush, and, supported by their family, went looking for both land and gold. They got to Salt Lake City too late to cross the Sierra and took a pack train to southern California, arriving broke, hungry, and having lost most of their stock. Wintering and working at the Louis Robidoux rancho, they arrived in the Mariposa mines the next spring. The gold they found helped them haul freight and open a store. Gold also paid for Eleazer's run-in with a grizzly bear in Bear Valley, which left him lacerated, scalped and

so sick that the brothers could not join the local battalion when the Mariposa war against the Indians began. Eleazer went home to Kentucky; Robert bought half the Texas Ranch near Hornitos. The family arrived in California in early 1853. Eleazer liquidated remaining family holdings, and came across by the Carson route with his new wife. Using their parts of the Givens estate, Robert moved into cattle and then mining investments, and Eleazer pre-empted land in Merced County and raised cattle.

The high plains of Merced County were too dry for more diverse Kentucky-style farming, so Eleazer moved to the alluvial fan of Mariposa Creek, a few miles south of present Merced, where he could grow feed crops as well as livestock. Eleazer met market and bear hunter Jim Duncan, who grazed his horses in what is now Yosemite. After the 1854 drought, Eleazer decided to summer many of his cattle in the mountains. Jim Duncan showed him the way along Indian trails to Wawona, Alder Creek and Turner Meadows. Duncan sold the Givens brothers his squatter's rights for Turner Meadows for \$150.

When Duncan moved to Crescent Lake, Eleazer followed him to look over the country—always looking for water, feed, and wood. Eleazer built fences around Turner Meadows by dropping large trees in lines to prevent the family's cattle from straying too far. From Turner Meadows, he grazed Horse Ridge, dropping more trees for stock blocks to keep his animals out of the rockier Chilnualna Creek drainage. When Duncan moved to Crescent Lake, Eleazer followed him to explore the country—always looking for water, feed, and wood. He explored the Merced's South Fork watershed with Jim Duncan, and found a good camp for his cattle below Merced Pass. During the 1864 drought he learned that, while much of the rest of the country dried up, springs still ran below Merced Pass, where underground water was held by a volcanic plug he called "Black Rock." Eleazer lost some cattle in that terrible drought, but saved most of them. Drought taught him the limits of grazing, and he understood that, if you grazed meadows hard in one season, there wouldn't be much for the next. Poor feed and limited water meant more disease, greater losses, poor animals and poor prices.

Eleazer Givens was a careful man, uncomfortable with business. He did not like risk and feared the consequences to his animals, family, and farm. After the drought of 1864 he reduced his cattle and slowly built up his sheep and hogs. He also increased his grains—both feed crops and wheat—to pay for additional land to support both livestock and grain, along with a home, a domestic garden, and a small orchard.

As the decade of the 1860s closed, so did the San Joaquin Valley's open range. Hundreds of thousands of acres were taken up by land speculator William S. Chapman and "wheat king" Isaac Friedlander. Eleazer had depended on open range for his traditional combination of stock, grains and home garden. He did not make enough money to buy more land, and yet had to buy it if he was going to create a farm that could be handed down to his children. That was a major purpose of his life, the same long tradition that had supported him when he started out. It took Eleazer from 1870 to 1875 to buy the farmland he needed. Because he had to buy most of it at the land speculators' rates, he was in debt the rest of his life. He slowly paid down the debt with wool, wheat, mules and hogs, while supplying a great deal of garden and orchard crops for his family and barter. Under the circumstances, grazing in the Sierra added greatly to the well-being of his farm and family.

His move to the Black Rock camp prompted him to change routes to the later park. The Wawona route was getting crowded. Galen Clark's 1868 South Fork bridge was a toll bridge charging 2¢ per sheep. Givens and Duncan, however, had found an alternative route by working with another early settler and stockman, Samuel L. Hogan, who had learned the country from his Indian wife and her family.

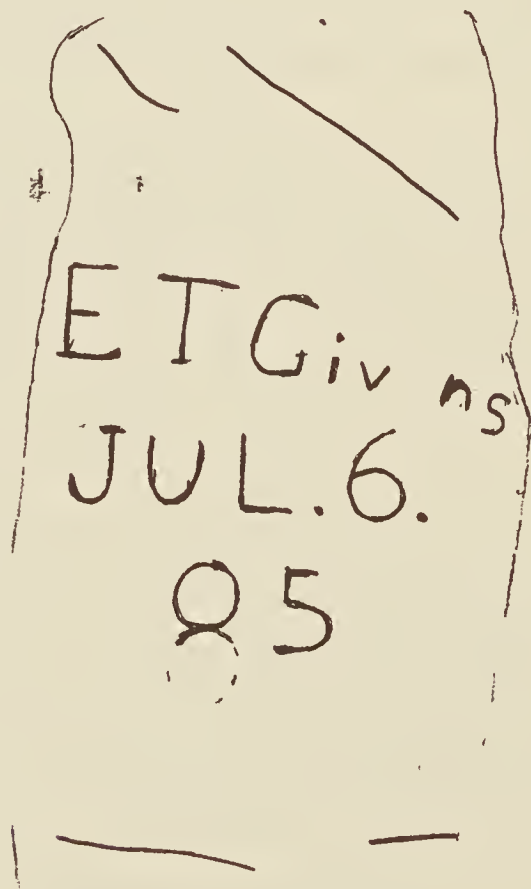
Eleazer avoided Wawona and the lower South Fork by taking his sheep south, and then east, toward Chiquito Pass. He drove his sheep down Grizzly Creek, crossed the South Fork, and blazed an old Indian trail up Givens Creek to Givens Meadow, bordered by a low glacial moraine cut through by the creek. He put his camp on one side of the moraine, and his corral on the other. From there, he and his herders could range slowly around in large circular patterns, moving every few days to conserve the meadows. James Hutchings, who always complained about the "everlasting sheep nuisance," came through Black Rock in early September 1875. There, he met Jim Duncan with his horses and asked directions, but he did not see any signs of Givens' two thousand sheep.

The drought of 1876–1877 broke the sheep industry, as sheep left California by the hundreds of thousands. Eleazer and his sheep survived, though he slowly sold off most of them by the early 1880s. Meanwhile, he had been building up his cattle, horses and mules, but in dozens—rather than hundreds—of animals. Many went to Black Rock and Givens Meadow in summer until Yosemite National Park was established in 1890. By that time, he could get by without using park land. After that, it was mostly younger immigrant herders starting out by working shares, who trespassed on park land. Like Eleazer, they

had traditions of taking care of the grazing lands and stock, but, with grazing excluded in both the park and forest lands, they came in to take what they could get—since there might not be grazing the next year.

Eleazer had paid down his debt considerably by 1904, when he retired and turned over management of the Mariposa Creek farm to his sons. He sold off some land to pay the rest of the debt and leave the farm to his family, unencumbered environmentally and economically. He and his wife moved to Oakland, cared for by two daughters until he died in 1910.

Following Eleazer Givens and his trails from the lowland plains to the high mountains—where even the critical James Mason Hutchings found no trace of sheep—shows that the stereotype of “Hoofed Locusts” is *not* universal. Smart sheepmen preserved the range, and Eleazer Givens became one of the best.



“E. T. Givens, July 6, 1885,” on a lodgepole pine at 9,300 ft. elevation, National Park Service Wilderness Historic Resources Survey Blaze 863, Merced Pass, Yosemite National Park.

HAROLD BERLINER: PRINTER, ENVIRONMENTALIST, AND LAWYER, 1923–2010

WILLIAM A. NEWSOM



HAROLD BERLINER was a man of widely divergent talents. A gifted lawyer and public prosecutor in Nevada County for many years, he was also a leading voice for the environment in the Sierra Nevada, a passionate advocate for sound urban planning and one of California's most notable printers and book designers at the Berliner Press on Nevada City for nearly half a century.

When he died in April of this year, just short of his eighty-seventh birthday, Berliner left eight children, seventeen grandchildren, a wife, Mary Ann, to whom he was married for almost sixty years, and a visible legacy in the form of the splendidly preserved Victorian center of Nevada City which owes so much to his vision and leadership.

At the same time he occupied various public offices in Nevada County, including those of public defender and district attorney, Berliner was creating one of the finest presses in California, Harold Berliner, Printer, which published a stream of beautifully designed and printed books, broadsides and ephemera.

The Press, which is still located in a two-story building next door to the Berliner residence in Nevada City, until recently contained more than two dozen fully operational presses-platen presses, cylinder presses, proof presses, Linotype presses, and one of the most complete collections of usable metal type fonts in the United States.

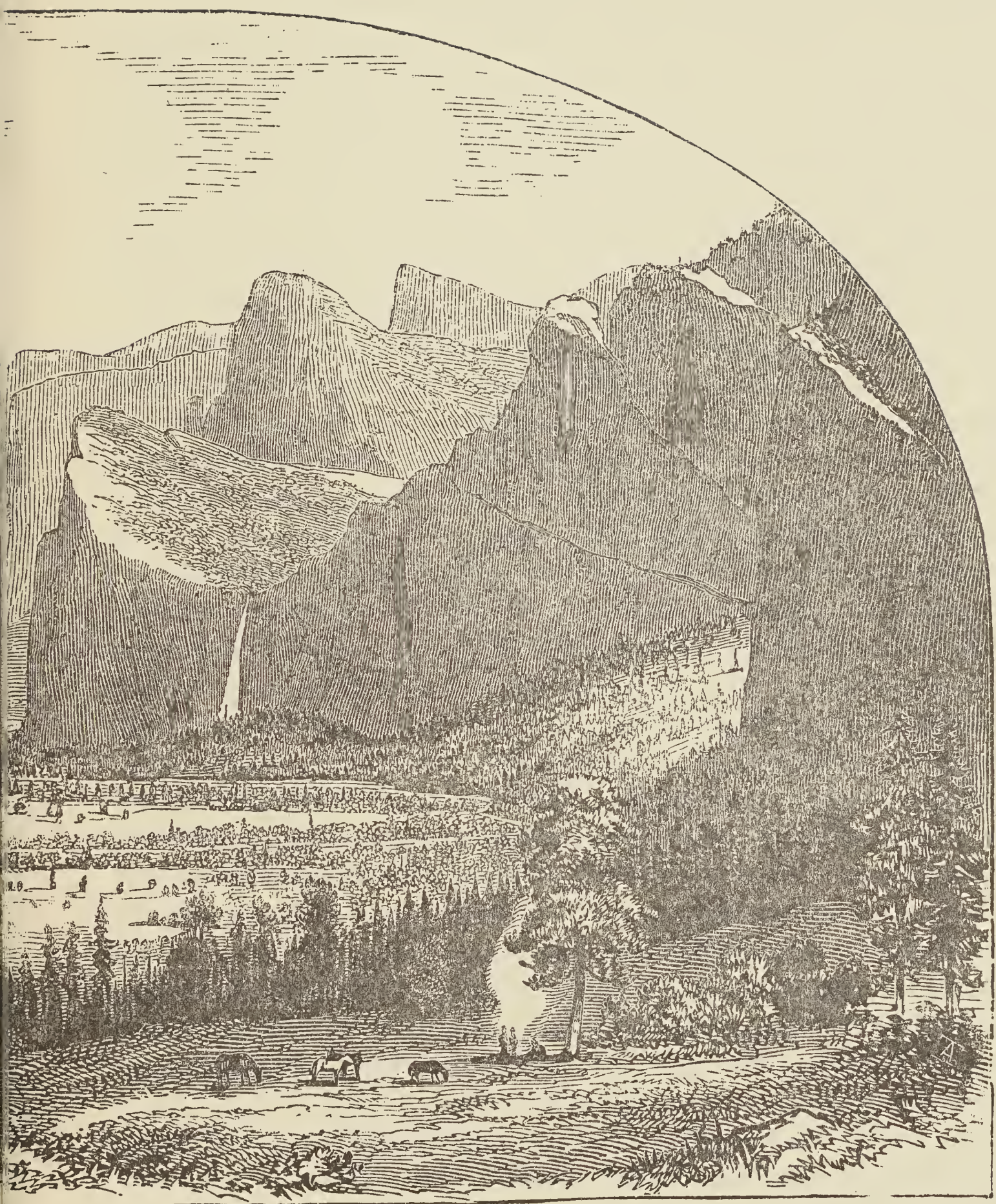
The heyday of Monotype printing lasted from the 1920s until the early 1930s, when the Depression stifled it, but then a renaissance occurred in the 1940s. According to Albert Sperison of the Book Club of California, San Francisco in the mid-forties became a virtual Versailles of fine presses, with fifteen to twenty quality print shops on the margin of the bay.

When Berliner opened his press in 1945, "hot" metal type was giving way to the cheaper "cold" photo-type presses. Quality Monotype operations began to fold, and Berliner began buying up old presses, type-fonts and matrixes as they became easily and cheaply available. When he closed in the 1990s, Berliner's foundry was one of the few working foundries in the country.

Bruce Washbish, of the Anchor and Acorn Press, reminds us that Harold Berliner was one of the three founders of the American Typecasters Fellowship,



A spectacular view of the Yo-Semite Valley from *Open-eta-noo-ah*, or Inspiration Point on the west side of the valley. Denny Kruhn has carefully recorded Indian names for the valley's features. After appearing in his monthly magazine, *Open-eta-noo-ah*, and *Curiosity in California*, "illustrated by ninety-two well finished engravings." Denny Kruhn



The Mariposa Trail draws the eye to *Pohono* or Bridal Veil Falls. James Mason Hutchings
zine, Hutchings gathered his best articles and published them in 1860 as *Scenes of Wonder*
detailed the many editions in the bibliographic section of his opus.

an organization dedicated to preserving the monotype printing tradition in the US; a craft, Washbush says, that like sailing ships and steam locomotives, was fast disappearing when Berliner and a few others rescued it.

Apart from the more serious artistic work of the Press, Berliner—who had a notorious sense of humor joined to a strong streak of combativeness—engaged regularly in lively jousts on the local political scene, using his polemical skills in the service of Sierra Nevada environmentalists. One such battle involved a high-stakes battle with the powerful Disney Corporation.

In 1978, Disney proposed a massive new resort and ski complex near the pristine Weber Lake in the vicinity of Truckee, California. Berliner responded with a widely-circulated pamphlet entitled *The Real Magic of the Magic Kingdom* which exposed the political strong-arm tactics often employed by Disney in Florida, where it effectively controlled local government—even to the extent of creating “special districts” where its laws were supreme and unreviewable.

Berliner’s attacks were devastating and ultimately successful. The badly-planned and ill-advised project was abandoned. In this, as in all his environmental work, there was no charge for legal services.

Another favorite target of Harold’s was the pretentiousness of the law, and especially of the courts. He proposed a series of pamphlets on what he described as “The Wisdom of the Courts,” intended to illustrate the worst decisions in the annals of the California Supreme Court. The first effort in the series was entitled *The Estate of Finkler* (3 Cal.2d 584, 1935) in which the court tried, and signally failed, to defend the competence of its venerable, and quite dotty, chief clerk.

The gist of the six-to-one majority concluded, in the words of Justice Preston, that until the very day prior to his death (suicide, after escaping from the dentist chair and writing a will later found in his hatband), Finkler had been performing his duties with “care, accuracy and diligence...in almost constant contact with the chief justice”, and could not have been incompetent.

Justice Langdon, in dissent, expressed concern about Finkler’s addiction to wearing ladies’ bonnets, his asking visitors to save their urine (which he said he needed to sharpen his saws), his claim to possession of a perpetual-motion machine fueled by human excreta, and a host of other delusions.

“The mere fact that Decedent was an employee of this Court,” Langdon continued, “is not of particular significance.”

To which Berliner responded: “After starting so well, Justice Langdon ended by missing the whole point.”

Even though his talents as a lawyer were considerable, Harold will be best-remembered for his printing and his steady production of over more than sixty

years of beautifully designed and printed books. Indeed, as one of his favorite poets, Hilaire Belloc, wrote: "his sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

And it is difficult to choose from among the finest productions of the press. One of the best is one of the last: the *Genesis* published in 2004.

About *Genesis* Berliner wrote: "It took twenty years to complete...nearly all the colored pages were printed from hand-carved wooden blocks by Helen Siegl. I know of only one other place where they used such carvings since perhaps 1600...This is my friend Hans Ulrich who bought my casting equipment and took it to his shop in Switzerland...The type setting was done on our Monotypes and took a long time, as did the printing—registering these wooden blocks while keeping the various inks in just the right quantities. As expensive as the book turned out to be (i.e. \$400) we lost money on the project... but the satisfaction made it all worthwhile."

Genesis won praise from the distinguished book designer, calligrapher and lettering artist, Herman Zapf, who wrote this about it: "What a wonderful and perfect publication is your *Genesis*.... a book in which each part brings together that harmony which was always the secret of the great publications of the past. It is a real masterpiece. a complete unit of typography, illustration and binding."

Earlier notable publications of the press which proved artistically (if not commercially) successful include a beautiful 1988 edition of Tristan Corbiere's poetry.

This splendid French poet, highly esteemed by such contemporary poets as Seamus Heaney, and by critics as rigorous as Yvor Winters, was one of the circle of poets in nineteenth-century France known as the *Poetes Maudits*, which included Verlaine and Mallarmé.

The book, in a limited edition of 150 copies designed by Wolfgang Lederer, is printed on dampened paper called Charter Oak, produced by the famous firm J. Barcham Green. It consists of selections from Corbiere's seldom-reprinted *Les Amours Jaunes*, translated by the scholar-poet and linguist, C.F. MacIntyre. One of the unusual "touches" employed in the production of this beautiful book is that the papers from Barcham Green were colored in gray-tinted ink suggestive of the fogs of the Roscoff coast where Corbiere lived out his brief life.

Another memorable production of the press is one of its last and finest: *War Music*, Christopher Logue's brilliant evocation of parts of books one to four and sixteen to nineteen, of *The Iliad*, about which Garry Wills had this to say: "Great poetry, but is it Homer? Yes—all the way down, in deepening gyres, to the *Iliad's* innermost core."

War Music is an opulent production, in part commissioned by the late great bookman Sir Paul Getty as homage to his close friend, Christopher Logue,

whose patron Sir Paul was during the long, sparse years Logue labored over work obviously not aimed at the commercial book market.

Logue, previously vastly under-estimated as a poet, had published with Faber and Faber, almost exclusively in soft-cover format until Berliner's 1999 edition. Such is the artistry lavished on this book in terms of printing (Somerset Type), binding and paper (Barcham Green again), that one thinks it may be a solace and a form of compensation to Logue in these—his declining—years!

In summing up Harold Berliner, printer, environmentalist, lawyer, father and husband, loyal friend and Catholic gentleman, his beloved Belloc once again comes to mind, in lines Harold cherished:

*When you to Acheron's ugly water come,
Where darkness is and formless mourners brood,
And down the shelves of that distasteful flood
Survey the human rank in orders dumb:
When the pale dead go forward, tortured more
By nothingness and longing than by fire,
Which bear their hands in suppliance with desire,
With stretched desire for the ulterior shore.*

*Then go before them like a royal ghost
And tread like Egypt or like Carthage crowned;
Because in your Mortality the most
Of all we may inherit has been found-
Children for memory: the Faith for pride.
Good land to leave: and young Love satisfied.*



SERENDIPITY



As the *Quarterly* returns to its traditional letterpress printing, printer Peter Koch forwarded us a history of recent letterpress printing from Wikipedia:

“Letterpress publishing has recently undergone a revival in the USA, Canada, and the UK, under the general banner of the ‘Small Press Movement’. Renewed interest in letterpress was fueled by *Martha Stewart Weddings* magazine, which began using pictures of letterpress invitations in the 1990s. The beauty and texture became appealing to brides who began wanting letterpress invitations instead of engraved, thermographed, or offset-printed invitations.” In the gloss to this text, Koch commented, “Gee! I had no idea that Martha Stewart was the mother of all letterpress.” Of course! As a candidate for governor once said, “Morris less.”

Originally in the article, when it discussed presses, type lice raved: “In the UK there is a particular affection for the Halifax, built by Arabs.” This led to the startled Kochemtary, “Nor did I know that there was a platen press built by Arabs. My own ignorance astounds me. Now tell me more about the Halifax! Mfg. In Cairo??” Not surprisingly, a correct and proper delousing stated: “In the UK there is particular affection for the Arab press, built by Josiah Wade in Halifax” from 1872 to 1959.

After 31 years, we have been unharnessed from the Wells Fargo stagecoach and put out to pasture. Wife Sue manages to cope with half the money and twice the husband. We finally ran out of nineteenth-century Wells Fargo topics we wished to essayingly elucidate after commandeering the complete issues of two journals. One is a ninety-five-page examination of Wells Fargo’s Letter Express in Mexico from 1859 to 1909 (wherein is revealed the Wells Fargo aphrodisiac) and the other elucidates the sesquicentennial of the Pony Express.

Residing out of San Francisco, our noontime grazing may become sparser at certain northerly bound destinations. Albert Harrison’s North Point Gallery on Jackson near Sansome, furthers our education in California art, where the latest mix includes Albert Bierstadt, William Coulter (a favorite), Edwin Deakin, Henry Chapman Ford, and William Keith. Then we topple over onto the downside of the alphabet with Ludmilla Welch and Raymond Yelland.

When we first sashayed out thirty years ago, intriguing antique and curio shops lined Montgomery and Sansome above Jackson, and attorney Melvin Belli’s 1849 brick office was an eyeful of enhancing clutter. The shops

disappeared one by one, while the abandoned Belli Building is only a historic outside shell stuffed with half-built condominiums.

Our rapid descent on Columbus, although the grade rises, is accelerated at the Comstock Saloon (X-San Francisco Brewing Company) at Pacific. Here, quaffing a Gold Rush Pisco Punch, we salute His Majesty, Norton I, Emperor of the United States, as he appears as a four-foot bronze statue capping the back bar.

Higher up on Columbus, or Montgomery Avenue for you old timers, cheese ravioli from Molinari Deli at Columbus and Vallejo always soothes the savage vegetarians in the family, while one location on upper Grant has made an impression on us. Schein & Schein sell wonderful prints.

Southerly from California and Montgomery, us Stamp Co. on Bush tempts us with postcards and ephemera as well as philately, while Dean Witter Coins in the Market by Montgomery Hobart Building, supplies Pacific Rim Trade Dollars. A westerly course brings us high up Sutter to Bob Haines' Argonaut. Here we rile up Bob by going through the multitude of new, not priced items. We did refrain, though, from high grading his Civil War patriotic envelopes. Either up or down, we stop at the BCC to sign checks.

"It's old, therefore it stinks." These are the immortal words of daughter Becky applied to Dear Old Dad's collection of allegedly musty, but never convicted, rare, ephemeral Californiana. Said daughter received her PhD from Merton College, Oxford, proud possessor of a fourteenth-century library, to which she gives an odor-free bill of health. Yet, she may be on to something. Paper from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is different.

"Sniff Test to Preserve Old Books" is the headline from a BBC news report November last. It explains, "Researchers report in the *Journal of Analytical Chemistry* that a new 'sniff test' can measure degradation of old books and historical documents."

As all bibliomaniacs know, the aroma is better than good wine. Its distinctiveness, declares Matija Strlic from the University of London's Centre for Sustainable Heritage, combines "grassy notes with a tang of acids and a hint of vanilla over an underlying mustiness." Ahhhhhhh! Just keep sniffing those books to sustain our heritage.

Continuing to w(h)ine about the subject of must, gifts to the Club Library include two finely designed and printed books from Clare M. Hasler, the executive director of the Robert Mondavi Institute for Wine and Food Science at the home of the best wine library in the world, U.C. Davis. In this 2008 publication—its first—Paul Draper introduced Emmet H. Rixford's *The*

Wine Press and the Cellar (San Francisco, 1883). Draper, the vintner at Ridge Vineyards, used this first *How to Make Wine* published in California to produce his award-winning 1971 Monte Bello cabernet entered at the 1976 Judgment of Paris. Yours, for \$50.

This year, that most knowledgeable Davis librarian, Axel Borg, gathered thirteen heretofore obscure nineteenth-century pamphlets and newspaper articles on olive growing, now that California flavored olive oils are most popular—particularly with Mrs. Chandler. *California's Olive Pioneers*, again handsomely produced, is available for \$150.

Order both from either the U.C. Davis bookstore, or the Robert Mondavi Institute Web site at <http://rmi.ucdavis.edu>, or by contacting Karin Hiolle at (530) 754-6349 or khiolle@ucdavis.edu.




After 65 years at the case, an intertwined “HB” pressmark is no more. Herold Berliner (1923–2010) departed for the Golden Hills on April 26. In 1945, attorney Berliner cased Nevada City to decide that legal cases would support type cases. Four terms as county district attorney paid to run his press for the combined good of both.

In 1966, after the Supreme Court decided *Miranda vs. Arizona*, California Attorney General Thomas Lynch asked Berliner to help craft a quick statement for police officers to read when making arrests. Berliner began, “You have the right to remain silent” and arranged for the printing of thousands of cop-carrying cards. See Justice William A. Newsom’s touching memoir within these columns.



We miss Jerry! Genial Jerry Cole (1925–2010) left our midst on May 23. Joining us in 1971, he devoted much time for the constant betterment of the Book Club. He served as president from 1990–1992, was our predecessor as secretary, and inaugurated the Oscar Lewis Awards. Thus, this year’s Oscar Lewis Awards, the inaugural event on July 12 of the Club’s new rooms, was dedicated to Cole’s memory and his joyful spirit.

Cole also aided Club finances and served on other committees. Executive Director Lucy Cohen remembers this longtime chair of the Personnel Committee for his kindness and encouragement to the staff, and inspirational in his sincere devotion to the Club. In his spare time, as a Lark, Cole collected the works of muralist, book illustrator, and author Ernest Peixotto (1869–1940).



When the Water Came up to Montgomery Street is BCC member Charles Fracchia's latest San Francisco book. Bret Harte supplied the title for this first, lavishly-illustrated, narrative history of Gold Rush San Francisco, even though he was merely an 1860s newcomer. Fracchia lectures constantly on his beloved city and carries his storytelling into this work. It is a good read.

Fracchia wishes to mint money from it. He is the founder and President-for-Life Emeritus of the San Francisco Museum & Historical Society, whose prime project is turn the 1874 U.S. Mint at Fifth and Mission into a museum for San Francisco. All proceeds go to this goal, so buy multiple copies! It is \$35, plus \$3.50 tax and \$4 shipping. Order through the San Francisco Museum & Historical Society: sfhistory.org; or Morgan Robinson, 415 537-1105; 785 Market Street, #600, San Francisco CA 94103.

The society has a worthy task. At present, two small but free museums in the financial district carry the torch for San Francisco history. Wells Fargo Bank's opened in 1935 and is now, for you old timers, where Wells Fargo opened in 1852. For newbies, that is 420 Montgomery Street. Close by, down California Street at Sansome, the Union Bank, that is, William Chapman Ralston's Bank of California, specializes in California's pioneer gold coinage of the 1850s. Let's get a large, comprehensive museum for this great city!

From Southern California comes breaking news. Dawson's Bookshop at 535 North Larchmont Boulevard became ethereal in late August, but only the physical presence departed. Michael Dawson retains his healthy on-line fine art and historical photography as michaeldawsongallery.com. and, of course, dawsonbooks.com.

Bay Citizen, Warren Hellman's on-line "nonprofit, nonpartisan news organization covering civic and cultural news for the San Francisco Bay Area" went live on May 26. (www.baycitizen.org). A "precipitous decline in professional newsroom staff and in original reporting" brought its birth and it relishes connections with the UC Berkeley School of Journalism and *The New York Times*.

One of its "itinerant journalists," Frances Dinkelspiel, author of the acclaimed *Towers of Gold: How One Jewish Immigrant named Isaias Hellman Created California* (2008), quipped, "We're doing 10 different things for 30 percent of the income we once had when we worked at a newspaper." Check out the Bay Citizen.

On February 6, Malcolm Margolin received the Fred & Pat Cody Award at the Berkeley Central Library for *Roots and Branches: The Eighth Annual*

Authors Dinner. This praiseworthy gala raises revenue to renovate Berkeley branches, and Margolin has done his best to fill them.

In 1974, though Margolin was a mere beardless babe in the wilderness—but an orderly one. He was a groundskeeper for East Bay Parks, but had a scribbly pen. Margolin walked into Cody's Books with a stack of self-published books. "Fred threw his arm around me, took 20 copies and put them at the register for sale. And I thought to myself, 'Isn't publishing great?'" That year he founded Heyday Books.

Yet, our friends at Heyday Books are having way too much fun. They moved into a funky old house at 1633 University Avenue, by McGee Avenue, obviously to just party. Why do we say that? Cause their name is now just Heyday. OK, that is a corny joke, but Heyday has gone acorny itself. Three unborn oaks arise over their "H" logo.

TOSHUTTHEBOOKANDSTEPINTOTHE DAYISTOMAKEONE
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Until about 800 A.D., we gather, manuscripts had no word spacing. The literate read them aloud, piecing out the meaning. We encounter this dilemma transcribing 1860s letters. Until we have puzzled out each word, we are unable to figure out what the writer says.

"In a very real sense," Nicholas Carr argued in the *San Francisco Chronicle* on June 20, that due to all of the interruptions on electronic devices, "screen reading is returning us to that distant time when there were no spaces between the words."

The author of "Is Google Making us Stupid?" (*The Atlantic*, July 2008) and *The Shallows: What the Internet is Doing to Our Brains* (2010) declared, "Reading is again becoming a cognitively strenuous job as the mind struggles to keep track not only of the words, but also of all the surrounding distractions. The best our overloaded brains can do is skim and scan."

Luckily, the new Book Club rooms are a respite from electronic bombardment, where texts are properly spaced. For those who wish to be properly spaced out, read the quote by Sven Birkerts (b. 1951) along our walls. Berkeley's Christopher Stinehour did the fine calligraphy. Birkerts is the author of *The Gutenberg Elegy: The Fate of Reading in an Electronic Age* (1994) and *Resisting the Kindle* (*The Atlantic*, March 2, 2009)

HUZZAH! WE ARE OPEN!

On Monday evening, July 12, 2010, with the bar attentively patronized, the Club's elegant and comfy new rooms filled to capacity for the Sixteenth Annual Oscar Lewis Awards for history and book arts. We say no more of their décor. Come visit!

King Yodel, aka George Fox, gathered attention for Master of Ceremonies Malcolm Whyte. Kevin Starr, that elucidator of the California Dream, gave a baroquely sparkling portrait of the Club's Oscar Lewis, a colorful narrative writer in love with San Francisco. Axel Borg introduced Professor Tom Pinney, equally at home whether becoming the world's expert on Rudyard Kipling, or, as readers of BCC books know, a leading authority on wine in the United States.

Roberto Trujillo followed, introducing Charles Hobson, a professor of printmaking noted for his limited Pacific Editions artists' books. The choice of both is appropriate, as Trujillo, in charge of Stanford's special collections, obtained Hobson's archives from their 1986 beginnings. Of special note is Stanford's 2008 exhibit catalogue, *Navigation: The Art of Charles Hobson*, (\$25).

Longtime member Darrell Corti, proprietor of the Corti Brothers fine wines and gourmet foods Italian grocery store in Sacramento, donated a fine early Muscat wine. The assembled all raised glasses in a hearty toast to the memory and appreciation of our beloved Jerry Cole, father of the Oscar Lewis Awards, and extended a welcome to his family.

-ROBERT J. CHANDLER

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BOOKISH NEWS



Bruce Whiteman, our fifty-eight-year-old Southern California columnar artist bids good bye. He writes: "I will be retiring from the Clark on August 31 [after fourteen years and] am moving to Iowa to take up a new career as a poet and writer, and to help raise my two new babies [as of July 20] with my partner, Kelly." Whiteman wrote the one good reoccurring literary summary for this publication and we miss him greatly. Above all, we wish Bruce, Kelly, and the twins much joy.

In 1996, Whiteman became Head Librarian of the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library at the University of California, Los Angeles, from whence he lectured and wrote widely on the greatness of books and the glories of libraries. Concurrently, this Renaissance man worked on a dissertation in musicology. Now as a Cornhusker, he will be closer to his native Canada, and we trust in his new fertile land his poetry will forthwith blossom to join *Visible Stars* (1995) and *The Invisible World Is in Decline* (in six books, 1984, 1989, and 2006). -RJC



The California Antiquarian Book Fair was in Los Angeles this year over Presidents' Day weekend. In all, some 167 dealers exhibited from nine countries. The weather gods must have a soft spot for booksellers, because after weeks of rain and cool temperatures, the weather turned warm and beautiful. (Of course there are always a few miserable souls who will opine that good weather keeps people away from book fairs more than bad weather.) Attendance at the fair was dramatically down from two years ago, and many dealers were disappointed in their sales. A few lucky booksellers benefited from the presence of two doughty and well-heeled representatives of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, who reportedly spread some two million dollars around like manna from (a very Christian) heaven, buying Bibles and other sacred texts for a museum that they are planning. There was a fair amount of griping about the fact that the usual extra day to set up and trade among themselves was not available to the booksellers this year. Set-up was the morning of opening day.

There were as usual many wonderful books for sale at the fair. Two dealers had copies of Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature* (1739-40), both with the rare third volume and both priced in the \$100,000 range. Two dealers also had

copies of *The Origin of Species*, the first at \$110,000 and the second at a much higher \$160,000. An illustrated edition of Dante from 1487 was spectacular and spectacularly priced at \$240,000; the same dealer had a beautiful copy of Donne's 1633 *Poems* at \$65,000. More stunning still was a copy of the Cellarius *Harmonia Macrocosmica*, a star atlas published in 1661 (\$500,000). More in the price range of the average human was a nice copy of the Fournier type specimen book (*Manuel typographique*, 1764, \$6750) and an acceptable copy of the first book about the Pap smear, Papanicolaou's *Diagnosis of Uterine Cancer* (1943, \$3,000). An English newspaper printed on silk, accompanied by two programs also on silk (1894 and 1895) seemed cheap at \$850. A copy of the 1724 edition of the works of Confucius in English was extensively annotated by a contemporary and knowledgeable reader (\$2,350). Charles Sanders Peirce's only book, *Studies in Logic* (1883), could easily be missed, since his name is not on the title-leaf ("By Members of the Johns Hopkins University" is the phrase). The book turns up very rarely, and was priced reasonably at \$7,500.

Johanna Drucker was appointed as the inaugural Martin and Bernard Breslauer Professor of Bibliographical Studies in UCLA's Department of Information Studies in 2008. She has a distinguished record as both a scholar of books and a book artist, and under her direction the Horn Press has been revived so that library school students can again learn something about letterpress printing. On February 6 she gave a Goudy Lecture at Scripps College in Claremont on the subject of the Georgian-born French typographer and printer Iliaszd, the pseudonym for Ilia Zdanevich (1894–1975). He was involved with the Dadaists in the teens and twenties, but really came into his own after World War II, when he collaborated with artists such as Pablo Picasso, Max Ernst, and Joan Miro to produce some stunning books. Most of his books are set in Gill Sanz caps, and he enjoyed playing with the usual rectilinearity of the codex form and creating unusual typography. Drucker knew Iliaszd's widow in Paris in the 1980s, and had access to his papers as well as his surviving friends. This personal experience enriched her talk. Afterwards attendees were able to visit an exhibition entitled "Foundations: Groundwork for Contemporary Artist Books from Denison Library at Scripps College," held in the Clark Humanities Museum. A catalogue of the show is available from Kitty Maryatt for \$5 at twohandspress@earthlink.net.

Starting in April, Sotheby's in New York began selling highlights from the James S. Copley Library in a series of eight sales that will extend into 2011. Copley (1916–1973) was a newspaper man (the *San Diego Union-Tribune* above all was his), and during the 1970s and 1980s he assembled a vast collection

focused primarily on the development of the United States, although he collected literature and other subjects as well. Some of the most valuable things that will be sold include a Button Gwinnett letter, a Father Junipero Serra manuscript, a group of letters written by Eisenhower to his wife during World War II, an unpublished Mark Twain story, and fine individual letters of Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, and Charlotte Bronte. It is only the *crème* of the Copley Library that is going to auction, however. William Reese and James Cummins, two east-coast booksellers, have bought the residue of the collection, some 11,000 books. It is always a bittersweet occurrence when great libraries are sold off. Southern California has lost two extraordinary collections in this way, first the Estelle Doheny books in the late 1980s and now the Copley collection. While such sales do give collectors great opportunities to acquire material, they also reduce the public accessibility of collections patiently accumulated over many years.

The Roger Wagner sale took place at PBA Galleries on March 18, and included a spectacular horde of Henry Miller manuscripts, notebooks, letters and other material. The house issued a press release three days before the sale to announce that, although the sale would be held as planned (and it included a Gutenberg leaf, a Darwin *Origin*, a *Wealth of Nations*, a Melville letter, an Ortellius, and many other great books and manuscripts), all of the Miller material had been acquired by private treaty in advance by “a major American research institution.” The Miller papers are at UCLA, and I and others hoped that they had been able to carry off this *en bloc* purchase. But these days the University of California (any campus) is in wretched financial shape, and UCLA could not come up with the sort of money involved. This batch of Miller manuscripts, then, is headed instead for an unknown home. PBA did not respond to my e-mail inquiry about the fate of the material.

The Iliad Bookshop was the subject of a story in the *Los Angeles Times* on March 6, and for once, it was not an *ubi sunt* piece. The bookstore, located amusingly next door to Odyssey Video on Cahuenga Boulevard, is flourishing and clearly has a large and loyal clientele. The owner, Dan Weinstein, comes from the same Weinstein family—bookselling royalty, really—who have produced many booksellers, including the owners of The Heritage Bookshop (Ben and Lou), the Book Baron (Bob), the Universal Bookstore (Jerry), and so on. Alias Books, another Los Angeles used and rare book business, has optimistically and happily opened a second branch of their shop in Glendale. The brothers Brian and Patrick Paeper co-own these two bookstores. On the minus side, Michal Sharpe, who opened a splashy rare book store in Pasadena

in a restored old house a few short years ago, has had to pull in his horns significantly. He is now working out of an office, and his once largish staff is now reduced to a skeleton. Sharpe is still in business, but had to pull out of the New York Antiquarian Book Fair at the eleventh hour.

The Guggenheim Gallery at Chapman University in Orange, CA, held an interesting artist book exhibition from February 1 through March 12. Called simply “The Page” and curated by Rachelle Chuang and Karin Lanzoni, the show assembled work by thirty-three book artists, who contributed a page (well, really a leaf or a bifolium, to be accurate) as well as a copy of the book from which each person’s page was excised. So there was work framed and hung on the wall, and a room with tables and chairs (designed especially for the show by local architects) where one could sit and examine full books, most—but not quite all—of the actual books, quite free and unchained. Chapman University Library was home to an exhibition this past summer that focused on the collection of book plates and book plate literature that once belonged to local bibliophile Audrey Arellanes. At Azusa Pacific University, a Christian institution in the San Gabriel Valley, an exhibition entitled “Treasures of the Bible: The Dead Sea Scrolls and Beyond” was mounted from May 21 through July 18. Its most prominent artifacts were the five Dead Sea scroll fragments that APU owns, although a leaf from the 1455 Bible and several editions, including the first, of the King James Bible were attention-grabbers as well. The exhibition catalogue, by theological scholar Dr. William Yarchin (\$15, ISBN 978-0-692-00825-6), is meant for the common man and woman, and while worth having, is a bit disconcerting in its repeated misuse in the prefatory matter of the word “manuscript” when “book” is meant.

The Hammer Museum at UCLA recently acquired jointly with the Los Angeles County Museum of Art the archive of Edition Jacob Samuel. Jacob Samuel founded his business in Santa Monica in 1988, and established an international reputation as a master printer of etchings. An exhibition of all of his forty-three projects published since then was mounted at the Hammer from May 23 through August 29 (“Outside the Box: Edition Jacob Samuel”). Samuel has worked with many famous artists, including Ed Ruscha, John Baldessari, Chris Burden, Anish Kapoor, Martin Puryear and others. Each project resulted in either a bound book of prints, sometimes with text, or a combined edition that comprised partly bound books and partly loose sheets in portfolios. The art ranges quite widely in spirit and tone, from the scary to the sprightly—one of Marina Abramovic’s aphrodisiac recipes in *Spirit Cooking* (1996) reads “fresh morning urine/sprinkle over nightmare dreams”—and from the minimal

to the highly colorful. Samuel's extremely spare Web site does not seem to have any information about the cost of these projects, but given their limited runs (never more than thirty copies, and in the early days as few as ten) they are doubtless works which we will only see in museums.

The spring in Los Angeles belonged to the German composer Richard Wagner. Los Angeles Opera put on three full cycles of the four operas that make up Wagner's *The Ring of the Nibelungen*, and an elaborate and extensive Wagner celebration, called "Ring Festival L.A.," was produced to accompany the performances of the so-called Tetralogy. (Both the Metropolitan Opera in New York and the San Francisco Opera will be starting Wagner cycles next year as well, the occasion for all of this activity being his bicentennial year in 2013). Much of the festival consisted of lectures and symposia, some of which did not shy from confronting the seamier side of Wagner's personality and beliefs. The Huntington Library put together an exhibition (June 1–30) on George Bernard Shaw, whose *The Perfect Wagnerite* is one of the canonical texts of Wagner criticism. The exhibition also included a transcription in Wagner's hand of Joseph Haydn's final symphony, No. 104, a sort of exercise that used to be common among aspiring composers.

Felipe Ehrenberg (b. 1943) is a Mexican artist who has worked in many different media, from traditional painting and drawing to video, mail art, "visual scores" as he calls them, and sculpture, as well as books. His recent retrospective at the Museum of Latin-American Art in Long Beach ("Manchuria: Visión Periférica") was extraordinarily seductive. Ehrenberg will be remembered by many readers for his wonderful talk to the first Codex Symposium in Berkeley three and a half years ago. The books in his exhibition range from photocopied texts, to conceptual books issued through his own Beau Geste Press (and *beau* they are not, at least in the conventional sense, but a *geste* they certainly are), to something rather grander that falls into the book arts genre, including a lovely colorful book he made while on a residence gig in Georgia a few years ago. The hardcover book *Felipe Ehrenberg* (Editorial RM/Diamantina), published in 2008, serves as a catalogue, and though an indulgence at \$65, it is well worth it.

-BRUCE WHITEMAN

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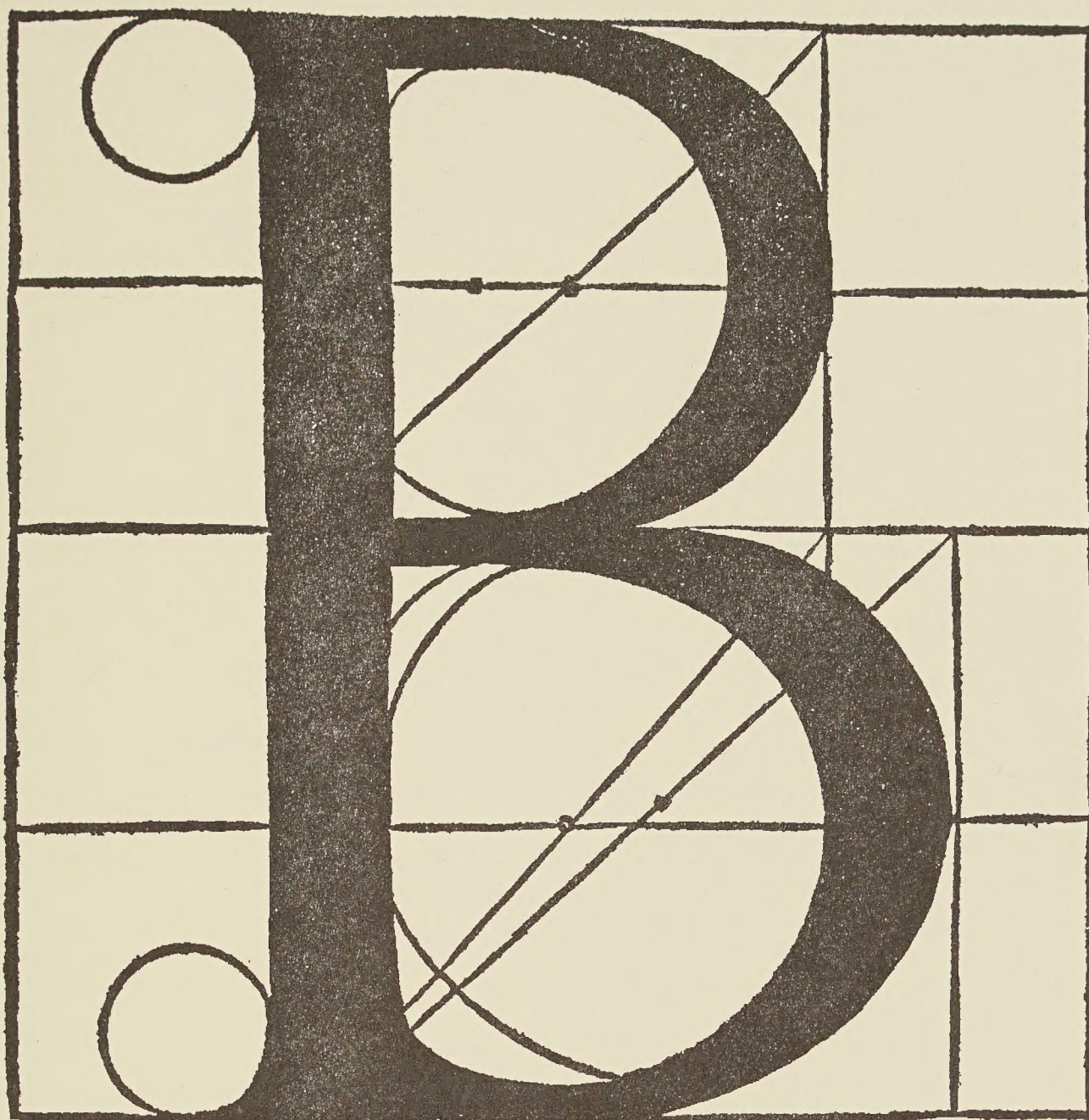
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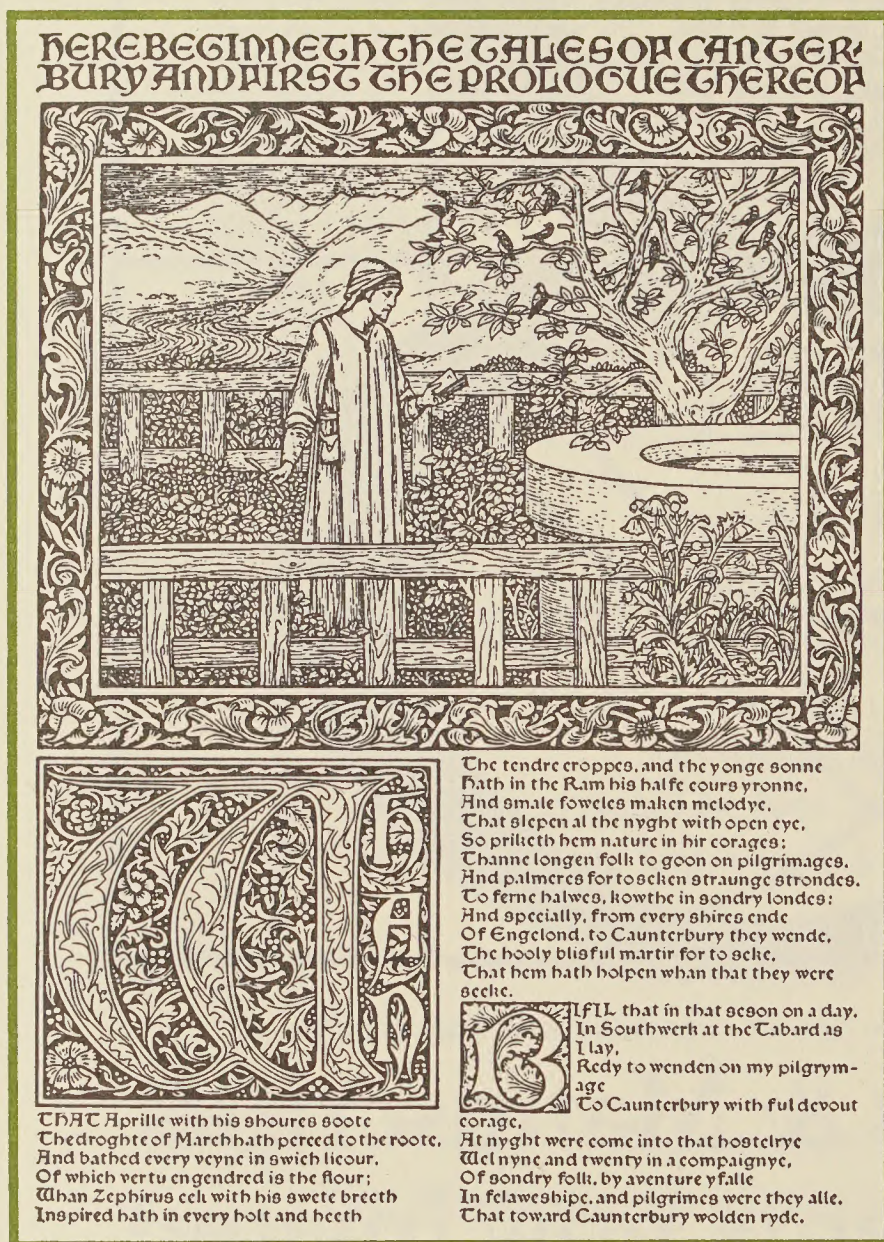
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